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HAA HAH!
THE NIGHT BEFORE PUBLICATION,
WE SUBSTITUTED IN A NEW
YAHOO OF OUR OWN! WHEN
THE WORLD SEES WHAT
GOOD CLEAN FUN TYPE
HUMER HUMOR IS, YOU'LL BE
ALL THROUGH. NYAH HAH HAH!
THE DEAN

THE NEW
100% PURE...

YAHOO



The Clean-Sweep
Issue

with
Ultra-
marine
Plus

NO MORE DIRT

35¢

Yahoo



"Wild Bill" Field
Editor

Armand "the Book"
DeGrenier
Business Manager



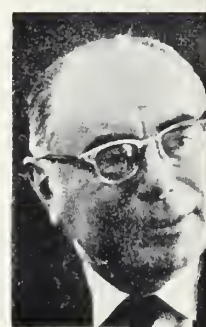
Helen "Curfew"
Curtis

Managing
Editor



Bob "The Kid"
McCartney

Assistant
Editor



STAFF

Cinderella
Carrie Nation
Sinclair Lewis
Albert Schweitzer
Joan of Arc
Clara Barton
Florence Nightengale
Shirley Temple
Jonas Salk
Abe Lincoln
Pat Boone
Joe Palooka
Madame Curie
John Beresford Tipton
Rose LaBelle
Ozzie Nelson
Mary Pickford
Walter Mitty
Caspar Milquetoast
Mahatma Ghandi
Clark Kent
Snow White
and of course
J.C.



TOUGH LUCK, YAHOO.

Mass.



Hi gang! Gee whilickers, it's good to sit down and write another editorial. So much has happened around Umieland, you know, U.Mass? Yup! Well, now the first thing that comes into mind is the scandalous incident of the new Medical School, or to tees for locating the MED school. Wasn't it terrible how all those people criticized our dear trustees for locating the MED school in Worcester, almost a hundred miles away? As all you students and Umie's, or whatever, say, "Isn't that a good bit?", or something. To use the editorial "we", we think it was pretty clever of our public relations boys to dream up that slogan, "The state is our campus." See how it all fits? Ho ho!

And how about our football team losing the Beanpot for the first time in years. Well, what can you say, really. So what if everyone was disappointed. You have to be charitable. Let's not be sarcastic.

Well, what else has happened around dear old Umieland? Wasn't it interesting how the new dormitories were constructed on time this year? It's a shame, in a way, because we won't be able to release our attic wit, our satirical barbs, our lampoons, if you'll pardon the expression.

You know, nothing goes wrong around this campus. We just proved it to you. With everything so perfect, what more can we satirists say? Oh, well.

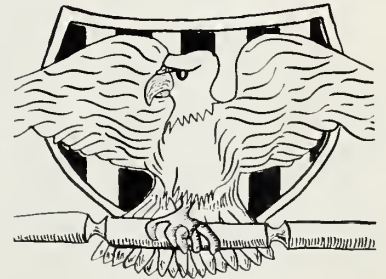
MAILER

No, this is nothing to do with Norman Mailer. Instead, here, we attempt to inform you of those guides and credos by which we endeavor to outline our policies and dogmas governing those rules to which we strive to maintain. In order to do this, first, we relate to you that we are entered as third class matter in the Amherst Post Office which is one of the largest businesses in the country, second only to crime. You ask, what does this have to do with our credo. Hah! It is now we tell you that the Yahoo is the humor magazine of Massachusetts Agricultural College (Moo!) and the fact we are still around pisses a lot of people off. But, what relation does this bear. Perhaps it would be well to say that we come 3 times a year. So does the magazine. And subscriptions are \$1.00. So what, you say. So what if your address is RSO 100, Student Union, UMass., Amherst, Mass. What Indeed!

TASTEE TOWER

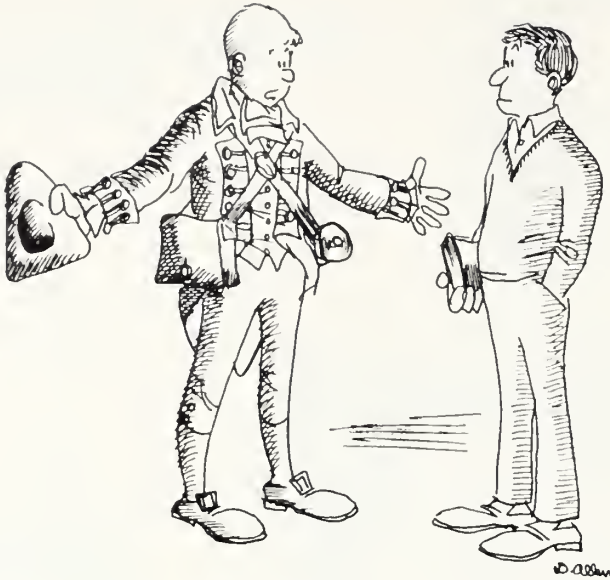
ASIDE
FROM

PIZZAS,
GRINDERS,
Etc.



**WE ALSO
HAVE
100%
AMERICAN
FOOD**

**LIKE
HAMBURGS
AND SUCH**



"Wanna hear a dirty joke?"
 "Yeah . . . Pant . . . Pant . . .
 Pant . . ."
 "Two white horses fell in the
 mud!"
 "Ha Ho Hee Hee Ho Hah . . .
 Wow! is that a rouser!"

THE DRAKE

VILLAGE
INN

**WE SELL
FINE
FOOD**

"Why did the chicken cross
 the road?"

"I give up."
 "Uh . . . Well . . . Uh . . . Hm
 . . . Lemmee see, Uh . . ."

Waitress: Hawaii, mister? you
 must be Hungary?
 Gent: Yes, Siam. And I can't
 Rumania long either. Venice
 lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia table.
 What'll you Havre? Aix?

Gent: Whatever's ready, but
 can't Jamaica cook step on the
 gas?

Waitress: Odessa laugh! But
 Alaska.

Gent: Don't do me any favors.
 Just put a Cuba sugar in my
 Java.

Waitress: Don't be Sicily, big
 boy! Sweden it yourself. I'm
 only here to Serbia.

Gent: Denmark my check and
 call the Bosphorus. I hope he'll
 Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who
 I am!

Waitress: Canada noise! I
 don't Caribbean. You sure Ara-
 rat!

Gent: Samoa your wisecracks?
 what's got India? D'you think
 this arguing Alps business. Be
 Nice!

Waitress: Attu! Don't Kiev
 me the Boulogne! Alamein do!
 Spain in the neck. Pay your
 check and scam.

Abyssinia!
 Finnish

A scrawny little gentleman
 wandered into a Canadian lum-
 ber camp one day and asked for
 the head lumberjack.

"What do you want," asked
 the burly man.

"I'd like to be a lumberjack,"
 said the little guy.

"You? A lumberjack? Ha Ha
 Hoo Ho He Hah Heh! Ho Hah!
 Hee! You- A lumberjack?"

"I've had experience. I cleared
 the Sahara forest . . ."

"Forest? The Sahara is a
 desert!"

"It was before I got there . . ."

* * *
 "HoHoHoHah Hee Yuk Yuk
 Ho Hee"



NELSON & STOKES

YALE RECORD

Yahoo Queen

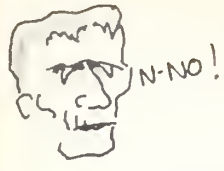
CLEAN SWEEP ISSUE, 1965

MISS ANNIE OLDOG

As you see, we feel Annie Oldog will do as this issue's Yahoo Queen. Annie is a member of the class of '69 and is from Templeton, Mass. We have a soft spot for Templeton. She is a pledge of Delta Omega Gamma sorority, and majors in Animal Husbandry. Miss Oldog provided our photog with many laughs. Annie kept us in stitches telling us about her latest operation.



Left—Staff photographer Skinner Flick tries to teach Oldog new tricks.



PARAPANTS PICTURES PRESENTS



THE RETURN OF THE



FROM 20,000
LEAGUES
ABOVE
STUDENT
UNION
IT
CAME

UNCENSORED
UNEXPURGATED



SEE!
THE
PANIC
SCENE
IN THE
STUDENT
SENATE
AS THEY DECIDE
TO INVEST

SEE!
THE MONSTER
WARP THE MINDS
LITTLE CO-EDS

SEE!
THE ADMINISTRATION
WARP THE MINDS
OF
EVERYONE

SIZZLE
CO-HITS
"TORRID FLESH"
AND
"NEKKID WOMEN"
ALSO: BUGS BUNNY
ZOWIE

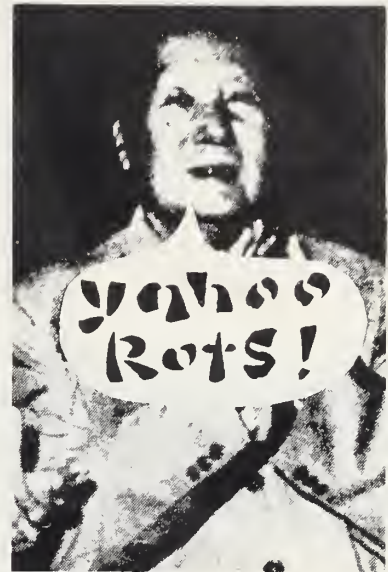
STARRING

CONDEMNED
BY
GOOD
HOUSEKEEPING

YUSHNIK
AS THE MAD EDITOR
JOHN LEDERLE
AS THE HEAD OF THE ASYLUM

WILLIAM FIELD
AS THE POLICE INSPECTOR
AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS
OF SCREAMING SENATORS

PRODUCED BY
THE STUDENT SENATE
DIRECTED BY
BAD TASTE



THEY'RE ALL SUBSCRIBING TO YAHOO

A DOLLAR FOR 3 ISSUES!
GOOD LORD, HOW CAN YOU GO WRONG.

Name

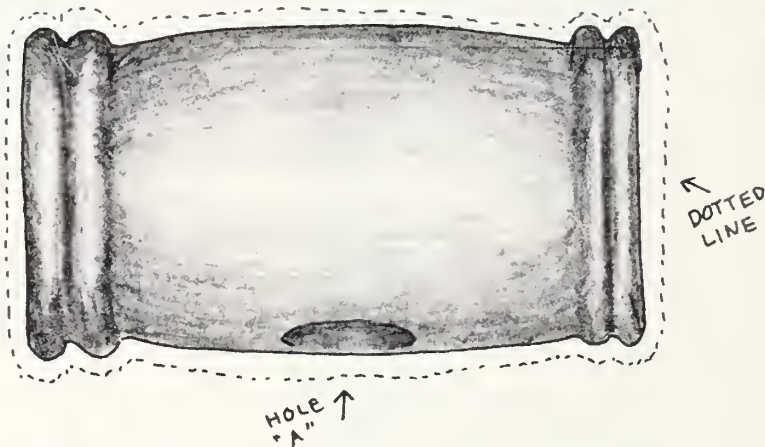
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University of Massachusetts
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YOU CAN
BE YOUR OWN
STUDENT
LEADER



WITH
YOUR OWN
**STUDENT LEADER
GAVEL**

First—Cut out gavel along dotted line
Next—Roll up this magazine and insert in “Hole A”
and Voila! — Your own Student Leader Gavel!

“Charlie! Answer the door!”
“Hello, door ...”
* * *

A new remedy for sneezing.
It's prune juice. Take it and
you'll think twice about sneez-
ing next time.
* * *

How about the girl who was
eight before she was seven ...
* * *

Did you hear about the midget
who walked into the bar and
kissed everyone in the joint?
* * *

“I know the craziest bird. It
lays square eggs and talks.”
“What does it say?”
“Ouch!”
* * *

“I thought you had the oral
exam today.”
“No, it was anal.”
* * *

Meanwhile, how much pull do
you have to have at the Univer-
sity to get a low student num-
ber?
* * *

We saw President Lederle the
other day. He looks just like his
pictures.
* * *

As the skunk remarked when
the wind changed, “It all comes
back to me now.”
* * *

Big Chief Ceiling-Wite and
Squaw went to spend their
honeymoon in a hotel in the big
city. They had never left their
village before.

In the middle of the night,
Big Chief woke his squaw and
said,

“Me thirsty, you fetch drink.”
So she took a glass and returned
with it full of water, he drank
it and went back to sleep. Later
he awoke again.

“Me thirsty squaw, fetch wat-
er.”

Once more she took the glass
but this time returned with it
empty.

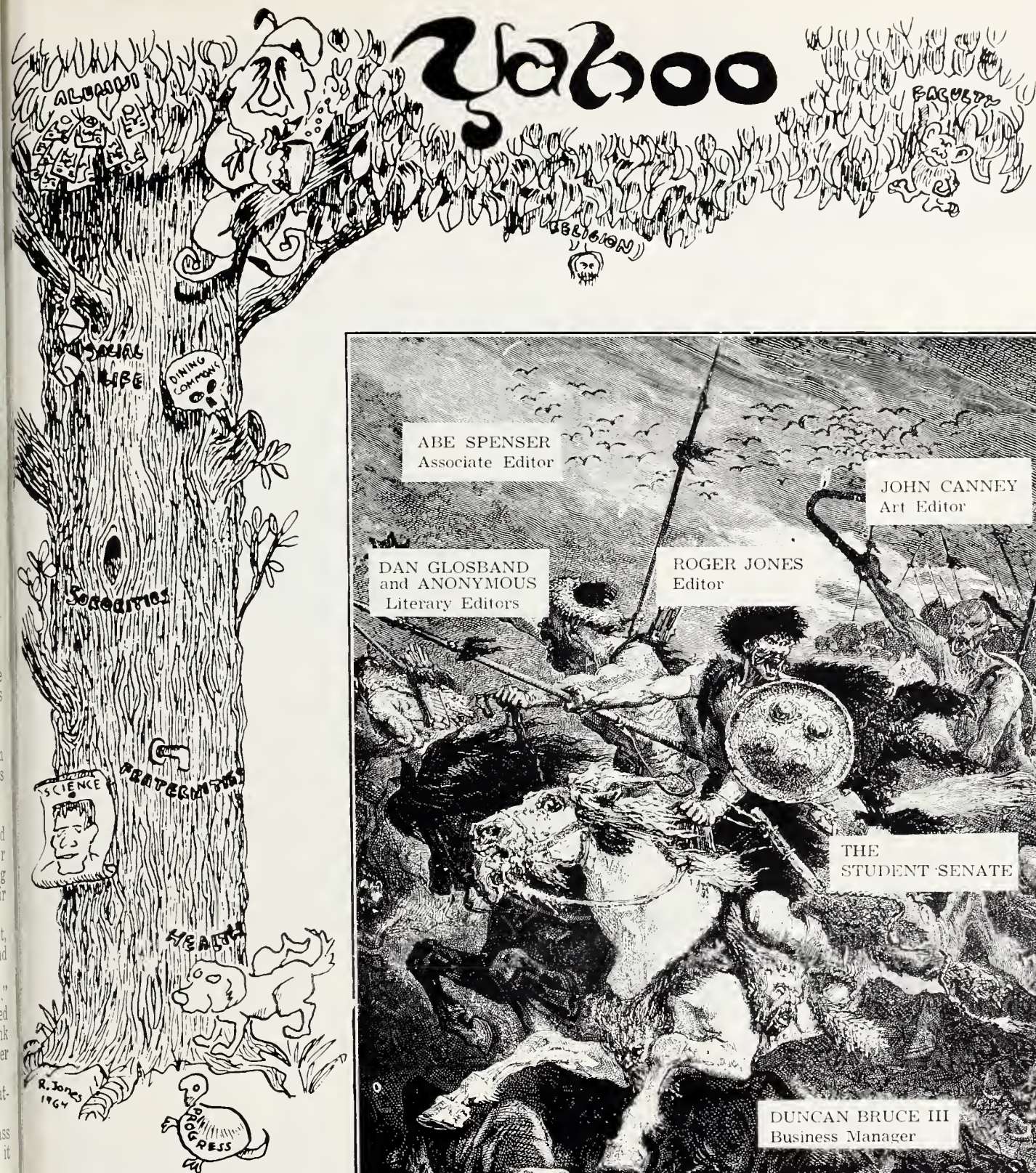
“No more water?” said Big
Chief, looking puzzled.

“Paleface sitting on well,”
said squaw.



THE GREEN LAT

Yaboo



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And of course,
JANE

WE'RE BACK WITH SEASON'S GREETINGS

Mass Hysteria



Great Moments in History.

Socrates drinking the hemlock. And thus, the light of knowledge was snuffed out due to bigotry, fear and superstition.

Up here in Umiealand, a few latter-day Athenians tried more or less the same thing. Now, we don't wish to indulge so far as to say that the Yahoo is a lamp of knowledge. A flashlight, perhaps. But, as you've learned in English 125, (maybe) there existed a situation akin to this. Someone was afraid of what the old boy was saying and would rather he say something else.

Back then, they used hemlock. Today, they use censorship.

Had we not fallen asleep when our instructors were reading the *Phaedo* to us, we could analogize more but perhaps the similarities end at a point.

After all, this isn't the first time that the heavens parted and with a flash of lightning, the Student Senate turned to Jello (again), and a Yahoo Investigation Committee (yic) was formed. Nor was it the first time that the whole hullabaloo did nothing more than provide good material for the magazine. Nor

was it the first time that the whole grizzly business made people wonder whether the uncomplimentary words we mention about senators, et. al, were true or not. Nor did Socrates get so much publicity. Nah!

And in case you're wondering about the proliferation of monkeys on our covers lately, the animal on the cover is, to be more precise, a BABOON, or to be even more precise, a Student Senator, whose words, profane as they are, we are certain we have immortalized. He'll be immortal for one other reason.

* * * *

We have mixed emotions when we enter our office and find that some of the Yahoos have been stolen. We were going to have an award to the person who stole the most, and on returning this summer, we found our complete Back Files gone. We were sure that we had a winner. Unfortunately, someone had stolen the prize.

* * * *

One of our boys, Tom Donovan, was in India this summer for some stupid reason. He conveniently had some Yahoos with him and sold them to some old coot in a street bazaar for about five rupees. So put that in your pipe and smoke it.





GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Two clergymen had churches on opposite sides of a small village. Each resided within the confines of the other's parish, and, to reach their respective churches, they rode bicycles. On Sunday morning, after services, they met at their favorite spot on the hill in the center of the village to speak to one another.

But on a certain Sunday, one of them came along walking up the hill. The other asked:

"What happened to your bicycle?"

"I'm not sure—but I'm afraid one of my parishioners stole it from me. But I don't know how to discreetly get it back," replied the walking clergyman.

"No problem at all," replied the other. "One of my parishioners stole my bicycle once, and all that I had to do was preach a fire and brimstone sermon the following Sunday. I began going through the Ten Commandments, and when I reached

'Thou shalt not steal,' I boomed out the words and scowled at everyone in the church. The next morning my bicycle was returned."

"That sounds like a fine idea; I think I'll try it," answered the friend, and walked on home.

The following Sunday both met at the top of the hill riding their bicycles.

"How did it go?" asked one. "I see that you have your bicycle back."

"Well," answered the other, "it worked, but not exactly as you had suggested. I started my sermon, glared at the congregation as hard as I could, and began to repeat the Ten Commandments one by one. But when I got to 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' I suddenly remembered where I left my bicycle."

* * *

Dear Dad

Let's hear from you more often even if it's only five or ten dollars.

Have you heard about the absent minded professor who kissed the streetcar, jumped on his wife, and went to town?

* * *

The romantic young man sat on the park bench with a first date. He was certain his charming words and manner would win her as they had so many others.

"Some moon out tonight," he cooed.

"There certainly is," she agreed.

"Some really bright stars in the sky," she nodded.

"Some dew on the grass."

"SOME do," she said indignantly, "but I'M not that sort!"

* * *

"Mr. Smith, I just heard that your little boy is seriously ill from swallowing a half dollar. How is he today?"

"No change yet."

"Yuk Yuk Yuk Yuk"

* * *

Do they make false eyes out of glass?

Certainly, how else would you see through them.

BREAK A LENS?

BRING THE PIECES

TO



DON CALLS

FOR NEW GLASSES

O. B. G's.

(OLDIES BUT GOODIES)

With the proliferation of "trivia" quizzes in the college mag world, we felt that to ask questions such as "Who said 'the weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay . . .'?", (the Shadow), might be raking old coals. So instead of bringing our hallowed readers back to the days of being glued to the tube* watching the Saturday morning test patterns until the cartoons started, we bring you back to the days of yesteryear, the days of Dick Clark, the days of the High School victory hops, the days of drinking in the parking lots *outside* of the victory hops. We bring you back to last year.

*One last thought. Buddy Holly once sang with the Crickets. Now they're eating him.

1. Pricilla
2. In the Still of the Night
3. Be Bopaloola
4. Young Love
5. Come Go With Me
6. Get a Job
7. Searchin'
8. Desiree
9. The Green Door
10. Party Doll
11. Honey Comb
12. The Wayward Wind
13. The Twist (original)
14. Hushabye
15. At the Hop
16. Chantilly Lace
17. Love is Strange
18. Sea Cruise
19. The Lion Sleeps Tonight
20. Does Your Chewing Gum
Loose Its Flavor on the Bed-
post Overnight
21. Short Shorts
22. Tragedy
23. Sheila
24. Book of Love

25. Alley Oop
26. 16 Candles
27. Topsy (Part II)
28. Witch Doctor
29. Purple People Eater
30. Angel Eyes
31. A Rose and A Baby Ruth
32. Star Spangled Banner
33. Barbara Ann
34. I'm Walkin'
35. Night Riders of the Sky
36. Smoky Places
37. Thunder Road
38. Rockin' Robin
39. Splish Splash
40. Turn Me Loose
41. Put Your Head on My
shoulder
42. All for the Love of a Girl
43. Maybe
44. Lovers Never Say Goodbye
45. Tequila
46. Felicia
47. You Send Me
48. Rebel Rouser
49. Charlie Brown
50. Duke of Earl
51. Who sang "The Basketball
Twist"?
52. Who did "Ivory Tower"?
53. Who did "I Wanna Lot of
Lovin'"?
54. Who did "Treasure of
Love"?
55. Who did "Bad Boy"?
56. Who did "The Stroll"?
57. Who did "Lonesome Me"?
58. Who did "Mona Lisa"?
59. Who did "Flying Saucers"?
60. Who did "Fujiyama Mama"?
- 61.
62. Who did "The Bounce" and
"Western Movies"?
63. Who did "Uptown"?
64. Who did "When You
Dance"?
65. What was bo Diddly's real
name?
66. Who did "Ookie Ook"?
67. Who did "Let's Dance"?
68. Who did "Money"?
69. Who did "Fever"?
70. Who did "Why Do Fools
Fall In Love"?
71. Who did "Love Potion #9"?
72. Who did "Little Red
Rooster"?
73. Who did "Walkin' the Dog"?
74. Who did "Summertime
Blues"?
75. Who did "You Can Make It
If You Try"?
76. Who did "Let's Go
Trippin' "?
77. Who did "Do You Want to
Dance"?
78. Who did "Transfusion"?
79. Who did "Daddy G"?
80. Who did "If You See Kay
Tell Her I Love Her"?
81. Who did "Summertime,
Summertime"?
82. Who recorded "Silhouettes,"
what was their next song,
and what did they call them-
selves?
83. What was the followup to
"Work with me, Annie" by
Hank Ballard?
84. Who is Nanker-Phelge?
85. Who started the riot in the
Boston Arena?
86. What label did Elvis record
on first?
87. What was Roy Orbison's
first hit?
88. How did Eddie Cochran die?
89. Name three people who did
"Shakeahand"?
90. Who wrote the Platter's
songs?
91. What was the original name
of the Coasters?
92. Who is Rose LaBelle?
93. Who is *the* Mr. Lee of "Mis-
ter Lee"?
94. Who did Ben E. King orig-
inally sing with?
95. Name three songs that Lieb-
er and Stoller wrote.
96. What does Chubby Checkers'
name refer to?
97. What is Elvis' middle name?
98. What is on the other side of
"In the Still of the Night"?
99. What label do the Hot Nuts
record on?
100. What group did the lead
singer of the Four Seasons
originally perform with?
101. Name three hits by Link
Wray.

(Answers—next page)

ANSWERS

Eddy Cook and the Dimples
 The Five Satins
 Gene Vincent
 Sonny James
 The Del Vikings
 The Silhouettes
 The Coasters
 The Charts
 Jim Lowe
 1. Buddy Knox
 2. Jimmy Rodgers
 3. Gogi Grant
 4. Hank Ballard and the Midnighters
 5. The Mystics
 6. Danny and the Juniors
 7. The Big Bopper
 8. Mickey and Sylvia
 9. Franky Ford
 10. The Tokens
 11. Lonny Donegan
 12. The Royal Teens
 13. Thomas Wayne
 14. Tommy Rowe
 15. The Monotones
 16. Hollywood Argyles
 17. The Crests
 18. Cozy Cole
 19. David Seville
 20. Sheb Wooley
 21. Curtis Lee
 22. George Hamilton IV
 23. Franky Scott and the Keys
 24. Regents
 25. Fats Domino
 26. Vaughn Monroe
 27. Corsairs
 28. Robert Mitchum
 29. Bobby Day
 30. Bobby Darin
 31. Fabian
 32. Paul Anka
 33. John Horton
 34. Chantells
 35. The Flamingoes
 36. The Champs
 37. Bobby and the Orbits
 38. Sam
 39. Dwayne Eddy
 40. The Coaster
 41. Gene Chandler
 42. K. C. Jones, Sam Jones, Sach Sanders
 43. Gail Storm

53. Gene Vincent
 54. Clyde McPhatter
 55. The Jive Bombers
 56. The Diamonds
 57. Don Gibson
 58. Carl Mann
 59. Buchanan and Goodman
 60. Wanda Jackson
 61. Andre Williams
 62. The Olympics
 63. Roy Orbison
 64. The Turbans
 65. Mac Daniels
 66. The Penguins
 67. Chris Montez
 68. Barret Strong
 69. Little Willie John
 70. Frank Lyman
 71. The Clovers
 72. Howling Wolf
 73. Rufus Thomas
 74. Eddie Cochran
 75. Yvonne Fair
 76. Dick Dale and the Deltones
 77. Eddie Quintero
 78. Nervous Novice
 79. The Church Street Five
 80. Jelly Roll Baker
 81. The Jamies
 82. The Rays, "Getta Job," The Silhouettes
 83. Annie had a Baby
 84. Mik Jagger, Keith Richard
 85. Screamin' Jay Hawkins
 86. Sun
 87. Oobie Doobie
 88. He was killed in a London taxi.
 89. Fay Adams, Mike Pedisen, Little Richard
 90. Buck Ram, their manager
 91. The Robins
 92. Damned if we know
 93. The principal of the Bobettes' high school
 94. The Drifters
 95. "Fever," "Searchin'," "Hound Dog"
 96. Fats Domino
 97. Aron
 98. "The Jones Girl"
 99. Gross
 100. The Royal Teens — "Short Shorts"
 101. "Rumble," "Rawhide," "Jack the Ripper"



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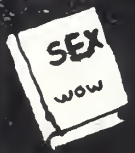
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GAS!**

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ENCYCLOPEDIA**

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TO

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U. MASS.
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SEX

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STAG STORIES**

SEND 100\$, DEAR...
ONLY ONE BUCK.

FLYING SAUCERS

ARE

REAL



**SOUTH HADLEY IS INHABITED
WITH
MARTIANS**

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET, QUICK! HELP

A farmer, disappointed with the performance of his roosters (the last of which had died the day before), purchased a prize red rooster in the hopes that the thoroughbred would keep the hens a-laying. To his great surprise, the rooster not only kept the hens fertile, but also the ducks, geese, and wild turkeys.

But alas, as the farmer returned from the market one day, he spied his prize rooster sprawled out in the road. Approaching the animal, he thought out loud, "It's a shame to lose such a fine rooster, but I half-way expected it."

At this, the rooster looked up toward the farmer, winked, pointed up with the tip of his wing to some birds circling above him and said, "Shh! Buzzards!"

* * *

He had asked her to dance. After awhile she said, "My but you're a wonderful dancer."

"And that's without any legs, too."

"Without any legs? I don't believe you!"

"Well, come on out onto the balcony and I'll show you."

They went out onto the balcony, and he unscrewed his legs.

Later on, they were dancing again, and she said, "My, for a man without legs you dance very well."

"And that's without arms, too."

"Without arms? I don't believe it!"

So they went out onto the balcony and he unscrewed his arms.

Again they were dancing, and she said, "for a man without either arms or legs you really are an exceptional dancer!"

"And that's without a head, too."

"Without a head? Now that I can't believe!"

Shortly after, had anyone looked out on the balcony, he might have seen the fellow screwing his head off.



He: "I'd like a single roo for my wife and myself."

Clerk: "Yes, sir, the only thing we have left is on the fourteenth floor."

He: "Okay, is that all right with you dear?"

She: "Sure, mister."

She: Do you think this skirt is too short?
He: Either that or you got into it too far.

COME ALIVE!
YOU'RE IN THE PEPSI
GENERATION!



John Corbett

A countess sued a man for defamation of character because he had called her a pig. The man was fined and afterwards, he asked the judge, "You mean I can never call the Countess a pig again?"

"That's right," was the judicious reply.

"Well," wheeled the defendant. "is it all right if I call a pig a countess?"

"That you can do," allowed the judge.

The defendant then turned toward the witness box where the peeress was sitting, looked her right in the eye, and said, "Good afternoon, Countess."

* * *

Son: Dad, Fred and I want to get married.

Dad: You can't. Fred's a Catholic.

* * *

A woman on a train suddenly rushed up the aisle and embraced a man sitting about five rows ahead of her. Surprised, he turned around, revealing himself as a complete stranger.

The lady, embarrassed, stammered, "Oh, pardon me, your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

* * *

Danny: I was a 90 pound weakling and whenever I went to the beach, a 220-pound bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course I read about and sure enough, in a little while I weighed 220 pounds.

Mike: Then what?

Danny: I went to the beach and a 440-pound bully kicked sand in my face.

* * *

A little blind boy was reading his braille when his mother came in. "Son," said the mother, "I've got some new eye drops here that will make you see again."

"Oh boy," delighted the son as she poured them in.

"But mother, I still can't see a thing."

"April fool," laughed the mother.



I TAKE WHAT MY MOTHER GIVES ME



The Vietniks

by
R. Jones

PACKAGE STORE



"HE WANTED TO SEE MY
DRAFT CARD..."



"LUCI!"

END THEM
IN VIETNAM



END
THE
WAR

LISTEN HOW
MANY CHILDREN
YOU KILL TODAY

"GODDAMMIT... MINE'S MADE OUT OF ASBESTOS"



"I DON'T LIKE IT... IT COULD BE A TRAP..."



"AT TIMES, THIS BUSINESS UPSETS LYNDON TERRIBLY..."



"WELL... HI, THERE..."



"WE CAUGHT YOUR SON
BURNING HIS LIBRARY CARD..."

WE'RE ALL LEAVING



for
THE
SCALP SHOP

A man lay dying in the street, apparently of natural causes. A priest ran up to him.

"Are you a Christian, my son?"

The man nodded, and the priest recited the last rites. "Do you have any last wish, my son?"

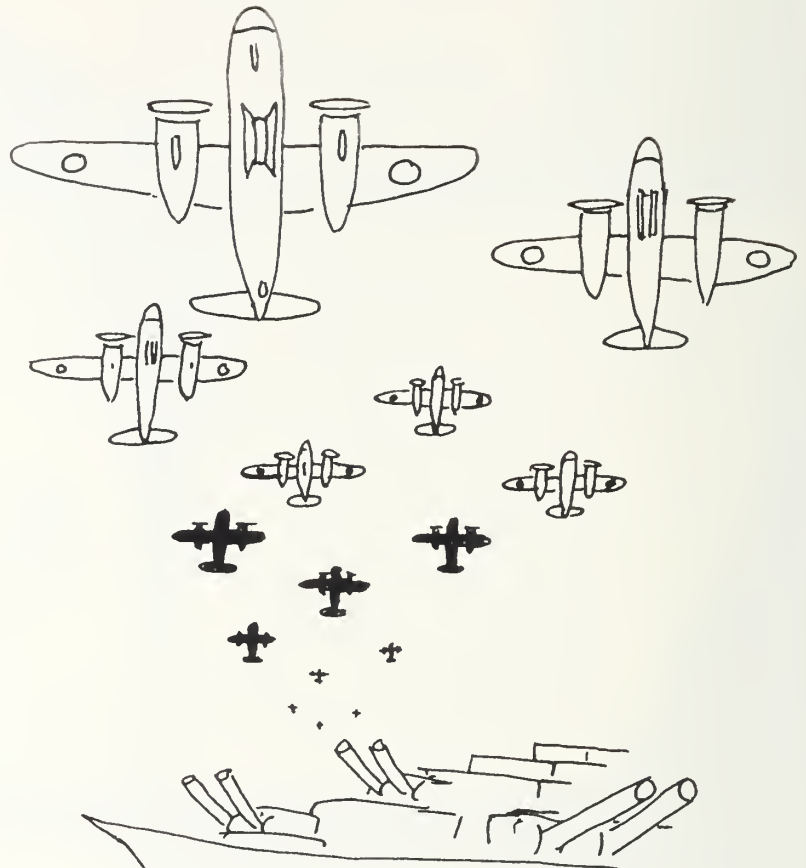
"Yes," the dying man gasped, "get me a rabbi."

The priest was confused, but did as he was asked. The rabbi came and asked what the dying man wanted.

"I want to convert to Judaism before I die," whispered the man.

Though it was unusual, the rabbi conducted the necessary ritual. Afterward the priest came up to him and asked, "Why did you do it, my son?"

The dying man rasped, "It is better that one of them should die than one of us."



R.J.
K.T.



"THERE SEEMS TO BE A NIP
IN THE AIR TODAY."

Yahoo Queen

WINTER — 1965



Liz Keefe

For our returning issue, the Yahoo presents Miss Liz Keefe, a sophomore from Northampton, a small town in western Massachusetts.





She's a small Business Major, being
only 5'3½" tall.

Photography
—Rick Jacobs



Like today I am going to give all you cats the low down facts on a heartbreaking story. Only the names have been changed to like protect me your little old story raconteur from bloody reprisals. You see there was this real swinging chick named Snow White, who lived with her step-mother in the upheval forest. Man, she was a ban the bommer from way back. Now this kid had problems cause she was a teenager from way back only besides being beautiful, charming, witty, intelligent and having a small case of acne she had that awful problem of dandruff. In fact this is why she had been labeled with a crazy name like Snow White. Well one day her mother hit the ceiling from having to pick up the little white stuff and said, "Hey, Snow White, why don't you go and flake out some place else."

Now, Snow White's mother hired a hunter to take Snow White into the forest and get rid of her. So one dark rainy night and with the aid of the hunter, Snow White was driven out into the woods in a raging torrent, which is sorta like a Cadillac with twelve wheels, but the hunter was a softie and chickened out and just left our friend Snowy out in the forest.

Alone out in the woods, Snowy plodded along looking for some shelter. Finally she came to a little old "maison" which is French for pad. She went inside and partook of the goody goodies she found in the refrig. Just as she was finishing her third kasaba melon pie, she heard the patter of little feet and all these crazy little old men with white beards entered the pad. She could tell they were really hip because they kept singing and whistling songs they had heard at the last hootenanny they had held. First they were surprised to see her, but they were glad cause they had finally found somebody to wash their dishes, clean their house and help them with the spring plowing which they hadn't been able to do since the horse died. Introducing themselves we like to learn their titles. They were labeled Grumpy, Doc, Sneezzy, Bashful, Dopey, Sleepy and An-



SNOWWHITE MODERNESQUE

gela. Although they put up the front of being workers in a diamond mine, it is actually believed by the FBI that they were the coolest diamond smugglers in history. After all, the idea of seven little guys and a diamond mine might be all right for a fairy story but not quite believable in down to earth real sordid life which this really was.

But Snowy and the Seven little guys were not the only inhabitants in the forest. Way down deep, at the edge of the forest lived a mean old grocer, king of the local turf, who thought she was the most beautiful woman in the forest. And she was, after all there were only her and the seven little guys and they hadn't shaven or used Ban for the last 22 years. And every day this mean old grocer would sashay up to this magic mirror that she had bought at Goodwill Industries, and say, "Mirror, mirror on the wall who's the most beautiful, charming, lovable of them all? And the mirror would answer back, "You, Hepzibah, are the fairest of them all." So everything was going fine till Snowy made the scene at the seven little guy's

house (also known as the House of the Rising Sun). Cause the next time Hepzibah, Hepzi for short, sashayed up to the mirror and said, "Mirror, mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all. The mirror spake, "Ha, Ha, Snow White is the fairest of them all." Seething with fury, Hepzi decided to do away with our friend Snowy.

So the next day Hepzi waited until the little old guys had shoved off to work and then she galumped up to Snowy's door and, —"Ding dong, Avon calling." Out came Snowy and said, "Like what kind of wares you pushing?" And Hepzi said "I'm out of everything but poisoned bananas, they're two for a quarter. But Snowy was no fool, no siree; she was right on the ball and bought six because everybody knows that two for a quarter is the kind of a buy you just can't pass up these days.

But since Snowy was on a diet of only 16,000 calories a day she ate only half a banana. And this was fate friends true fate. When the seven little guys came home from the mine (actually it was theirs but they called it a mine because they were awfully possessive) they found her lying there on the floor and thought she was dead. So they made a beautiful coffin for her right in the middle of the forest. (They figured, "Ah — the animals will take care of her.") Do not despair friends, Snowy was not dead.

Then one day a handsome young prince came riding through the forest on his horse and upon seeing Snow White layed out in her finest topless bathing suit (thereby exposing another problem) fell manly in love with her, jumped off his horse, rushed over and kissed her. Snow White awoke and fell madly in love with the prince who was called Charles Antell and said, "Snowy come away with me and my head and shoulders and I'll solve your problem." So Snowy's problem was solved and she and the prince lived happily ever after. The Seven Cats went to their mine and got a fortune, and Sleepy and Dopey hooked up with Hepzibah and became a

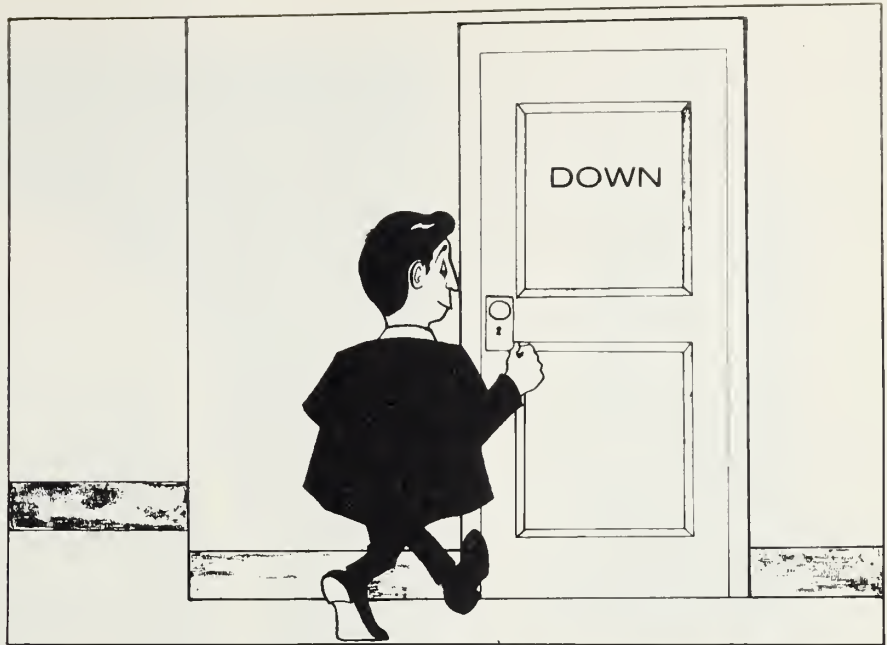
folk singing group known as Peter, Paul and Mary.

So the moral of this story is, if you ever go out into a storm, meet seven little dwarfs, encounter a witch, eat a poison banana, live and get the chance to become Princess, don't pass up the chance. You know girls, an opportunity like this doesn't happen every day.

By the way, does anybody want to buy a poison banana?



And then there is the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse his check, and wrote; "I heartily endorse this check."



The old maid was walking down a dimly lit street when a holdup man jumped out of the bushes.

"Give me your money," he demanded.

"I d-don't have any," she managed to reply.

He proceeded to search her thoroughly. Every possible place of concealment was explored.

"I guess you were telling me the truth," he finally muttered angrily, "you don't have any money on you."

"For heavens sake," she wailed, "don't stop now, I'll write you a check."

A woman sat in a waiting room, watching a 3-year-old child while she talked to the mother. The child sat very quietly, and finally the woman turned to him.

"My," she said beaming fondly, "I wish I had a little boy like you."

"Well," countered the child, "why don't you get pregnant?"

Daughter: "I took Charlie into the loving room last night, and —"

Mother: "That's 'living' dear." Daughter: "You're telling me!"

FINE
CLOTHES



HOUSE
OF
WALSH



*Looking for
Books?*

*Jeffery Amherst
Bookshop*

*Across from
The Common*



"SIR, I'VE COME TO ASK FOR
YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND..."



83.
86.

DIRECTIVES
from the office of
DEAN OF STUDENTS

Use of the Sun

During the spring semester of 1966 the sun will be available for use three days a week. This privilege does not extend to weekends. Students may use the sun from 9:30 to 5:15 only in authorized places--the field west of Boyden and the south parking lot.

Sun permits may be obtained in the Dean of Students office. They are non-transferable and use of them in unauthorized places will result in suspension.

Drinking intoxicants before or after sun-bathing is strictly prohibited. Sun-bathers may not take weekends.

Students are reminded that the sun is provided by the University for the use of students and that any abuse of this privilege will result in its discontinuation.

William Field
Dean of Students

HEY KIDDIES!!!
WHAT TIME IS IT???

MR. J.B.'S

STORY
TIME!!

NEET-O!!! GOSH-GOLLY
GEE!!! GOSH-A-ROOTIE!!!
G-A-A-A!!! SHEEE!!! MAN!!!

...THIER WAS AN OLD
LADIE WHO LIVED IN
A SHOE!!!



...WELL...IT'S GETTING
LATE FOR LITTLE OLD
LADIES SO I GUESS I'LL
HOP IN MY SHOE AND
TUCK IN!!!



AGG!!
OFF!! ERK!!



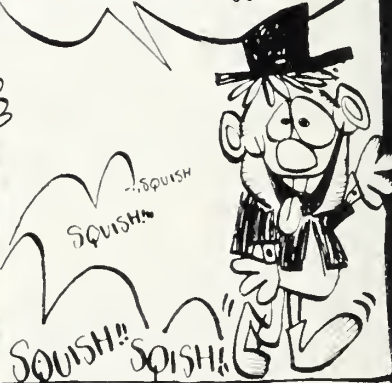
GOOD NIGHT
GANG!!!



HEY!!! A
SHOE!!



...IT'S KIND OF
SLOSHEY BUT IT'S
A SHOE!!!



.... THE END - JOEL BECK

It is rumored that one professor recently became aware that his class had drowsed off on him, and he decided that he would catch everyone off guard. He suddenly dropped into double-talk.

"You then take the loose sections of feathered smiggs and gweld them—being carefult not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampt them gently for about a time and half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger, if handy. Otherwise, discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yeah," came a sleepy voice from the back of the room. "What are twetchels?"

A man took his sixteen children to the local cattle-show to see the animals. He went up to the farmer and said,

"Excuse me, can my children and I go and look at the bull?"

The farmer looked at the man, then at his sixteen children, and said,

"Hang on, I'll bring the bull out to look at you."

The ski trooper had just returned from the war, and was being interviewed. "How does it feel to be home?" queried the interviewer.

"Wonderful, wonderful!"

"Tell me, what was the first thing you did when you got home?"

"Well, you know, I'm a married man ..."

"Oh, I see. Well, then, what was the second thing you did when you got home?"

"I took my skiis off."

A student drinking beer at the Drake felt the call but was concerned lest someone molest his unguarded beer. So that no one would drink it, he wrote, "I spat in this beer" on a paper napkin and placed it around the glass. On returning, he was somewhat perturbed to find that an anonymous person had added: "So did I!"

He: You're one in a million.

She: So are your chances.

The little old lady bent over the baby in the cradle, "O-o-o-o, you look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby: "The hell you could, you haven't got any teeth."

"What happened to your hand, kid?"

"I sawed the top of my finger off."

"Dear, dear, how did you do that?"

"Sawing."



It was quite a swanky bar in the best part of town. The new arrival ordered a bottle of beer. Paying with a dollar bill, he was surprised when the young bartender gave him ninety cents change. When questioned about it, the bartender said that a dime was all he was charging.

The customer being rather hungry, and pleased with the apparent low prices of the place, ordered a ham and cheese sandwich on rye. "That'll be fifteen cents," said the barkeep. The customer's eyes widened — "I can't understand it. How can you sell stuff so low?" he asked.

"Listen, buddy," said the bartender, "I just work here. I'm not the boss. He's upstairs with my wife and I'm doing the same thing to him down here."

AND THIS ONE IS FOR...



SOME MORE RECORD DEDICATIONS

AMHERST COPS HITCHHIKE
CHIEFS OF STAFF MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY
PREMARITAL SEX THE LAST THING ON MY MIND
GIRL PHYS. ED. MAJORS PUT ON YOUR HIGH HEAL
SNEAKERS
FINALS GOOD NEWS WEEK
MAO TSE TUNG MAY THE BIRD OF PARADISE
FLY UP YOUR NOSE
DeGAULLE NOSE JOB
PRES. JOHNSON BROOMSTICK COWBOY
HUBERT HUMPHREY WORKING FOR THE MAN
BEN GURION A WALK IN THE BLACK FOREST
VIET CONG PAPER TIGER
A.B.C. GET OFF OF MY CLOUD
BACK OF THE HATCH ARE YOU A BOY OR
ARE YOU A GIRL
A. WILSON WHEN I GROW UP TO BE A MAN
SONNY AND CHER . WHAT LOVE HAS JOINED TOGETHER
AMHERST TOWN WITHOUT PITY
A.E.C. PLAY WITH FIRE
S. VIETNAM WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
YOUR LOCAL DRAFT BOARD MERCY MERCY
THE WHOLE VIETNAM SCENE
STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
URSULA ANDRESS . I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU
CAROL BAKER SHE'S A WOMAN
LIZ TAYLOR TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH
HORROR SHOW WHEN THE MOON COMES
OVER THE MOUNTAIN
FRANK SINATRA I'M A KING BEE
CONSTIPATION WE CAN WORK IT OUT
OUTLOOKS FOR THE WORLD'S FUTURE
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE
YOUR LOCAL DRAFT BOARD AND YOU
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY
BARRY GOLDWATER I BELIEVE IN YESTERDAY
"CAN ANYONE DO PROBLEM #4 ?" . SOUNDS OF SILENCE
DINING COMMONS BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH
INFIRMARY YOU GIVE ME FEVER
BLIND DATE WALKIN' THE DOG
THE VIRGIN MARY DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC

Cliff Allen Clothes



LITTLE BEHIND

IN YOUR
READING?



BAUCOM'S BOOKS

*scheme,
plot!*

THIS ANIQUITOUS PUBLICATION
PRESENTS A NEW FIRST IN
DEPRIVITY...

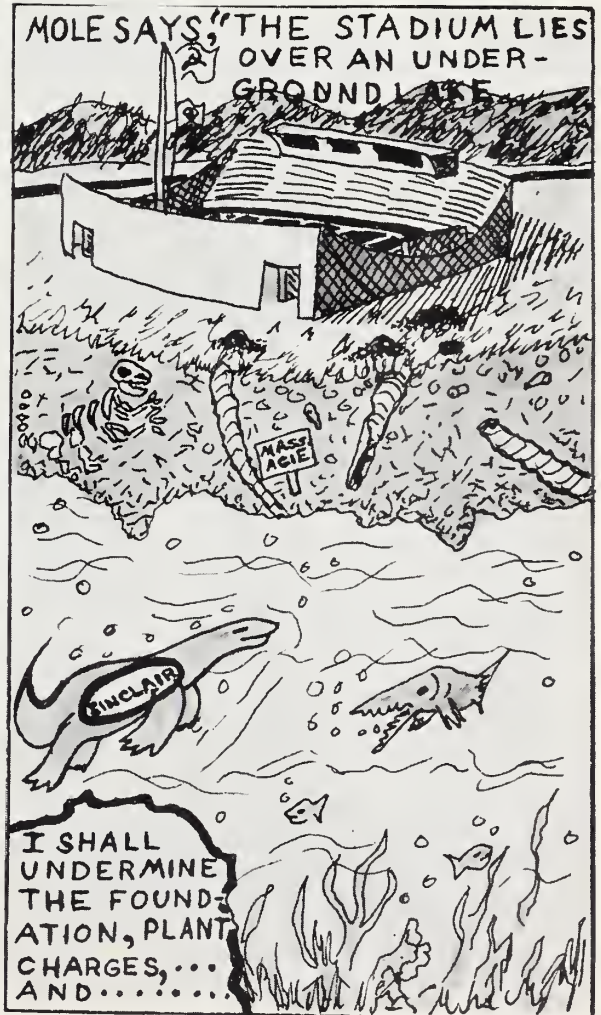
(CENSORS, GET OUT)
(YOUR SCISSORS)

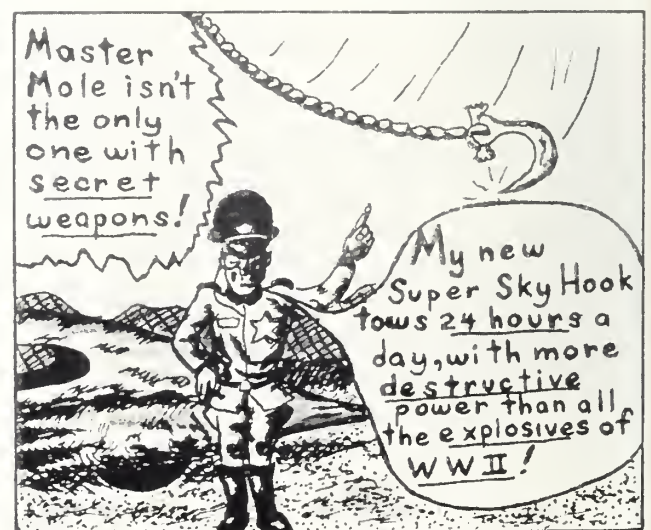
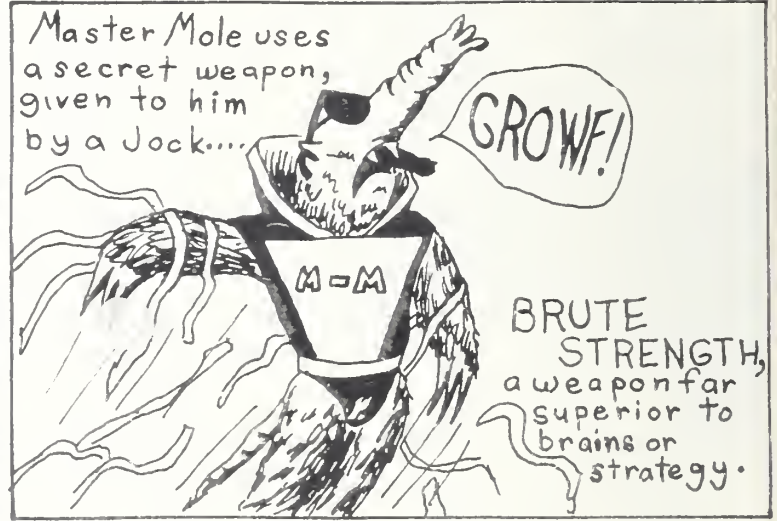
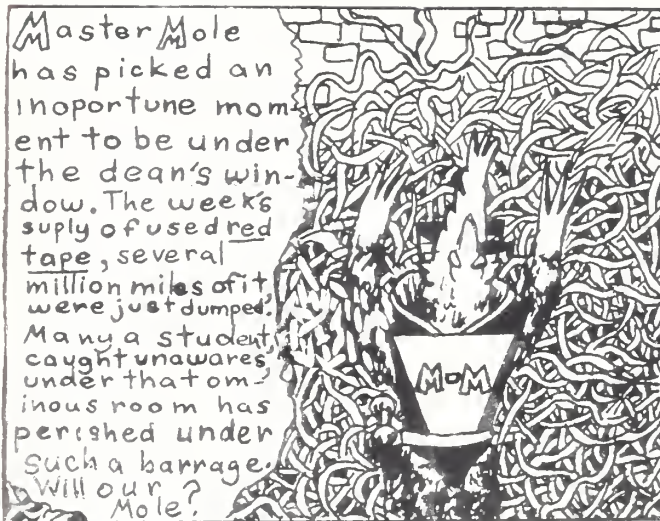
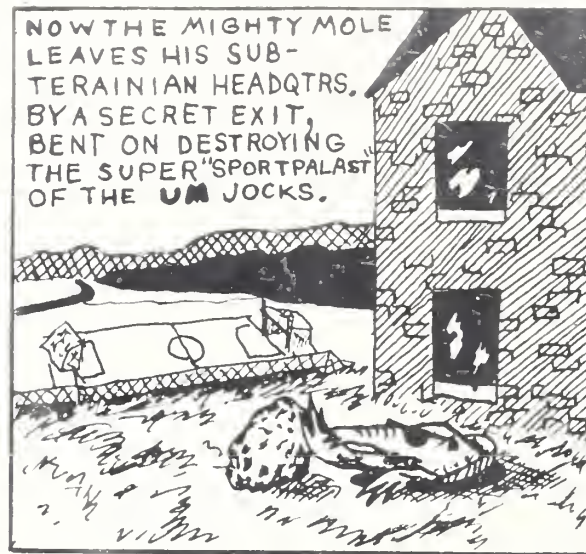
MASTER MOLE

AND HIS ACCOMPLICES

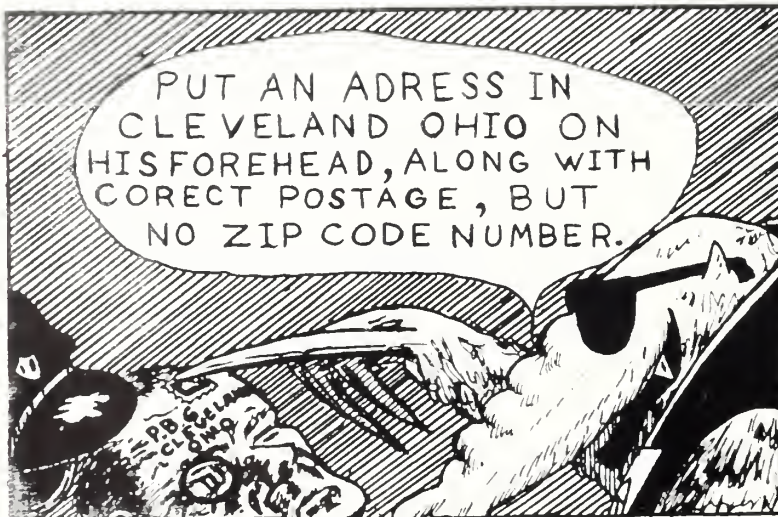
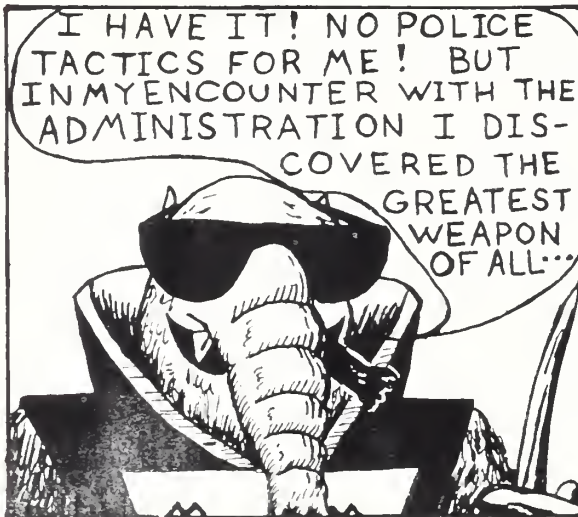
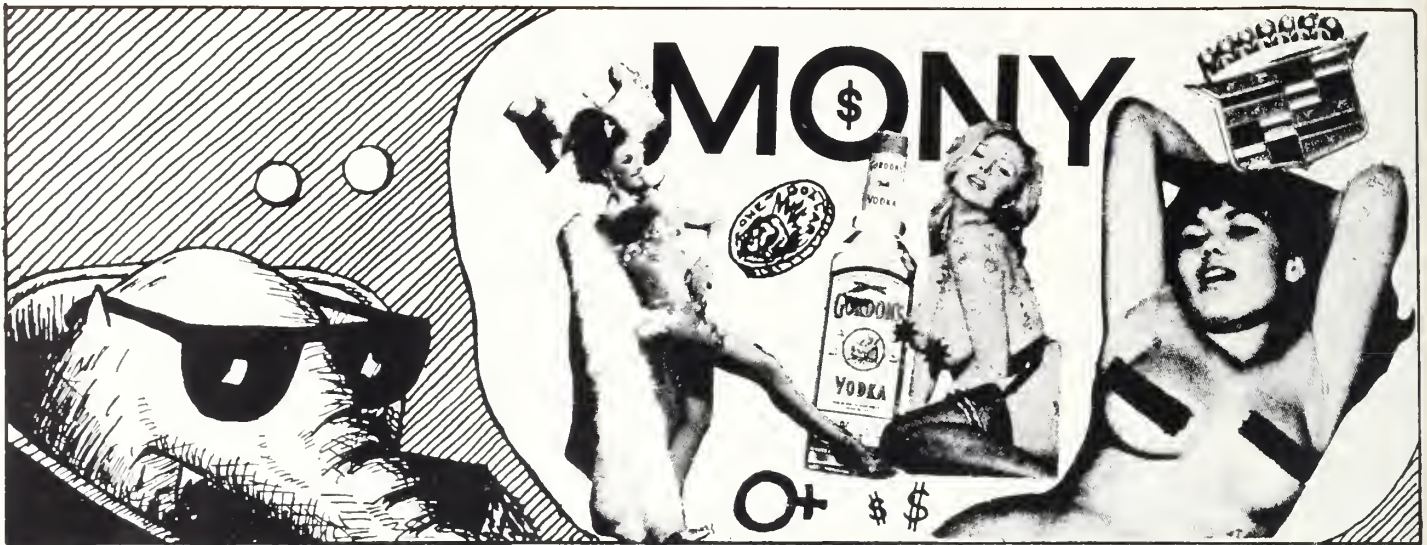
in the
Stadium
Caper

by
John Canney









TO BE CONTINUED

UMIE RHYMES

There was a little girl.
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good,
She was very very good,
But when she was bad,
She went before Women's Judiciary.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
But Jill left him there because she had an eleven o'clock curfew.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.
You've got two minutes to make your eight.

Mary, Mary quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With Seagrams Seven and good Old Crow
And little Colt cans all in a row.
Well you better get the damn thing out before
the counselor sees it.



Peas porridge hot,
Peas porridge cold,
Peas porridge at the Commons nine days old.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider and sat down beside her
So she scooped him up for entomology.

Hickory Dickory Dock
Two mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one
So both were late for curfew.



The cool Mr. Fratman went to the Drake's bar
To get his date a potent Sidecar.
When he got there,
The bar was quite bare.
And the A.B.C. man handed him a coke.



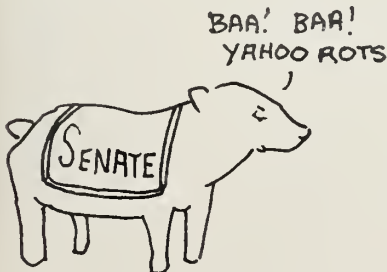
"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?"
"I've been to the Orchard Complex again."
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you do there?"
What are you, nosey?"

Baa! Baa! Senate, have you any funds?
"Yes, Dean, yes Dean, three bags full.
One for Collegian,
One for Ceasura,
But none for Yahoo."

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie
Made the girls who started to cry.
When the Dean began to swoon,
Georgie Porgie pulled a moon.

Little Miss Umie went for a walk,
Little Miss Umie did alot more than talk.
All the Dean's curfews and all the Dean's rules
Can't make Umie a virgin again!

—Joanne Risch



A HERO-ISM



BY DAN GLOS BAND

In an age of super everything, it seems occasionally necessary to recount the exploits of a rather innocuous individual, if only to make all the myriad victims of mediocrity feel comforted in the realization that they are not alone in their dilemma. Realizing that now is a time when humanity needs its sense of togetherness strengthened, our master of the ineffectual stands ready to, at a moment's notice, do absolutely nothing.

I speak, of course, of the most reverend of Tenderfoot Scouts, the most fervent of the wearers of the Mickey Mouse ears, the brownest-nosed Fauntleroy, the most completely forgotten past Collegian Editor, the closest thing to a Java man since a Java man, . . . Myer Hero.

The setting is Hero's cold-water condomonium in Leverett Center, obviously a place safe from interference with the outside world, as no one but wayward UMass students venture into such uncharted territory, and they rarely stay long, fearing that they have inadvertently crossed the Iron Curtain into Poland. Hero sits impeccably garbed in his Saks-Fifth sharkskin, Brooks Brothers end on end Madras shirt, John Douglas cra-

vat, Liberty of London pocket silk, and high rise black Keds—one might easily mistake him for a typically lower class student from the nearby state university trying to develop a cross-town image. He sips contentedly on a Green Furd (Kahlua and avocado juice), insipidly bemusing his latest adventure (for him it was an adventure) with the Yellow Peril. Shlong, his faithful boy companion, sits atop an elephant tusk, busily molding a bust of Anita Ekberg in Marshmallow Fluff. Funny how these boy companions have a penchant for getting into sticky situations. Totally inept at anything requiring above motor-moron skill, Shlong has proven himself a good listener and an outstanding member of the Student Senate.

Brushing aside a small hamster which had escaped from Shlong's dinner plate, Hero reminisces about the last of his great adventures. (Ed. note: His mother thought they were great!) He had saved a nearby student from the worst of all fates—from getting an education at the University of Massachusetts. Little did he know that some 10,000 others are successful at the same task each year—

and they do it all by themselves.

As our finest mothers' son begins to recount his tale with a feeling for melodrama matched only by Queen For A Day, Shlong scrambles outside to bark nastily at a passing Young Independent.

"I first met Sun Yat Stein while taking my weekly shower at the coin-operated car wash in Sunderland. He pedalled up on his Schwinn, flipped up the ear flaps on his cap, and said 'Hur-ro.' At first I had trouble understanding him, but after three-quarters of an hour and seven quarters in the machine we were both quite clean.

"Not wanting to leave him all alone that far from civilization, I decided to bring him home. Actually, I rode in the basket of his bicycle and pointed directions, turning around occasionally to whip him until he speeded up. Our arrival at my flat caused quite a furor, for Shlong thought I had gotten myself a new boy companion, and went tearfully into a corner to suck the Kidney Bean which he kept in his navel for just such occasions.

"Time proved that Sys was quite a good scullery boy, and also taught me to understand his rare dialect. As it turned out, on the day of our meeting, Sunny had left the Graduate House on his way to Goessman, and had forgotten his turn onto Ellis Drive. He was rather irked at my restraining him, for it had interfered with his education."

"You rousy, lotten, no good Yankee swine, my Government get you good for this," he mumbled through his buck teeth.

"A first name like Myer and you call me a Yankee?" I countered smugly. "He remained noticably silent, until Shlong stopped knawing at his jugular vein."

"With a first name like Sun Yat, and a last name like Stein, compared to me you're a Yankee," he replied in the tradition of a true landsman.

"Discovering our highly unlikely ethnic relationship caused us to sit and talk in broken Yiddish for weeks. A very strange history of his *raison d'être* at

Wellworth



Pharmacy

the University of Massachusetts evolved during that period.

"Stein was chosen from his tribesmen in Outer Lethargia to study in the USA as preparation for Lethargia's second attempt at world domination. Their first sally was under Sun's famous ancestor, Genghis Cohen.

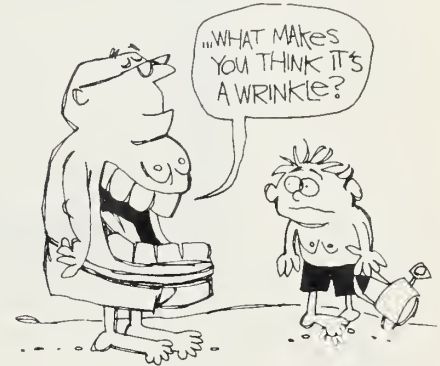
"What at first had been pure fancy was now emerging as believable fiction—Stein's was one of the lost tribes of Israel. Naturally, I couldn't release my discovery into the unbelieving world of academia—I had to keep him isolated until I had proven my theory. It was a time of great excitement for us all—Shlong managed to wet his pants no less than three times!

"Imagine my disappointment when I discovered the true story behind Sun Yat Stein. His family had left the Holy Land to start a small delicatessen in the Catskills, but had turned away when they found that Indians didn't like Borscht. A brief journey in their time-payment dugout brought them to another mountain range, far across the Big River of Pacific, where they began a quite profitable factoring trust, engaging primarily in rice futurities. Many generations of intermarriage with converted natives nearly obliterated original race, but couldn't dilute business sense.

"The family had left the field of pillaging in favor of slightly more honest business. For the past several hundred years, they had run a thriving tourist trade built around a few snowy foot-steps and Yak scalps, and a nasty rumor of their connection to an Abominable Snowman. Having been driven out of business in the past few decades, it was back to doing the things that Genghis could.

"I was deeply pained by the whole affair, and kicked Shlong about the head and shoulders to release my frustrations. Sunny dropped out of school and hopped a slow boat for Lethargia when he learned that his people needn't go to war. He had several brochures on the availability of foreign aid, and some postcards of luxury living in Appalachia and County Dorms to prove the beauty of American culture and affluence to his kinsmen.

"As for my own adventurous future; you never can tell what you'll run into at a coin operated car wash—or for that matter in a University community.



PELICAN



"Best damned homing pigeon I ever owned."

PANSIES



and all
kinds
of flowers
at

KNOWLES

THE UNIVERSITY ENT COLLECTION



Administratus Deacidac (Dragonfly)

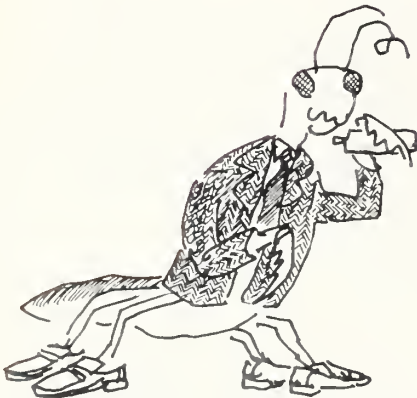
This insect is a bored insect in that it doesn't have much to do. It usually sits around with its feet on a desk, drinking coffee. Another type drinks other liquids at SWAP Conferences. Another, to kill time, proudly removes other insects from their habitats, while the female of the species tries to keep other insects from mating. This, of course, is in vain. These insects should be treated with respect because they are very religious. Sometimes they think they are God.

Listen for:

"I don't like your magazine."

"Please get off your knees ..."

"Put that knife away ..."



Budweiserdac Fraternitius (Barfly)

This is one of the social insects. They live in colonies called houses and in a liquid environment. Although some say this insect is becoming extinct, there still seems to be life in the species. The leaders of the species are called "eyeffcees" and have the talent to be able to turn their heads.

Listen for:

"Stop mooning my date."

"Who stole my room?"

"It's the IFC . . . hide the bar."

"Barf!"

Canus Campus (Bedbug)

This common insect is invariably one of the homeliest of all female arthropods. When turned on its back, it does not seem to be able to get on its feet again. It normally inhabits upper rooms of the colonies of the above insect, or private colonies. It should be handled with care as it sometimes transmits disease. It frequently molts on weekends.

Mating calls:

"What kind of a bug do you think I am?"

"Why are your friends hiding in the closet?"

"Why are your friends lined up in the hall?"

Egotistidae Sororitus (Monarch Butterfly)

This insect is in constant pursuit of a mate. This mate must furnish her with some sort of metal such as pins or rings that the insect shows off proudly. It ranges from homely to beautiful. The species is not found in warm areas, as it thinks it is cool.

Listen for:

"Cut her!"

"What kind of a girl do you think I am. Wait till we're pinned ..."

"Please put your pants back on ..."



Athleticus Jockus Scholarshipidae (Crabs)

This insect feeds on coca cola machines. The nourishment provided allows the *athleticus jockus* to educate himself, or stay in school at any rate.

It breeds freely in closed lockers and is renowned for its strength. Just as soon as the fourth fall season ends, a bug called the *athleticus coachidae* doesn't give a damn what happens to this pampered insect and it must rely on its own wits, or instinct.

Listen for:

"I didn't mean to flunk camp counseling ..."

"What do I do with this diploma?"

"Regards to your mother."



Dormitormidae Rattus (Stinkbug)

Everyone is acquainted with one of these insect pets. It lives in your room and has a million feet. This is noticed when your shoes seem to be missing. When left alone for a period, it often emits a strong, objectionable odor. It should not be confused with the bookworm and it is attracted to light, for instance, television, etc.

Listen for:

"Burp"

"What's on the tube?"

"I'm sorry about your suit ..."

"Burp"

Vietidae Draftcardus (Firefly)

This hairy insect can often be found in the back of eating areas. It is difficult to determine the male or female of the species. It feeds on marijuana or poppy. It often gathers together with others of the same species and makes a lot of utterly senseless noise. The species shuns the cold, in that it avoids the draft. To do this, it warms itself with fires fed by paper. Its color may be pink.

Listen for:

"LBJ, how many children did you kill today ..."

"Same to you, fella ..."

"You're sitting on my guitar!"

"Anybody got a match?"



Administatus Graftidae (King Bee)

This insect lives in old, dilapidated red buildings. These buildings are red because of the color of the tape holding them together. They are highly advanced in that the species uses machines or money to do its thinking. The insect is delicate. It should not be folded, bent, or mutilated.

Listen for:

"That's my \$10,000, not Your \$10,000."

"Why did that dorm fall down?"

"Did you find the keys to my Caddy?"

"Let them eat cake."

Apartmentidae Flunkus (Roach)

This is a solitary insect but may live in groups of two or three. Sometimes it lives with a mate and scientifically this is referred to as "shacking up."

Although this species tries to live alone, other insects frequently inhabit its home to drink vast quantities of liquid, and listen to the Beatles. These other insects may vomit on the Apartmentidae's pillow, television, and body. This often leads to the bug finding a new habitat.

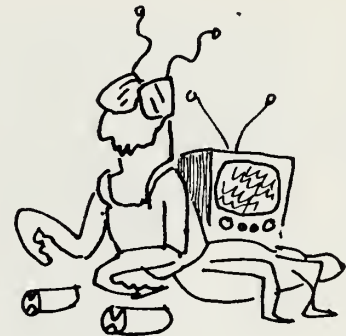
A species similar to the Dormitormidae Rattus lives with the Apartmentidae. It too, wears the later's clothing and breeds cockroaches.

Listen for:

"Stop spraying your feet with the Rightguard!"

"That's alright. I wanted to convert my sportcoat into a sweatshirt anyway."

"Did you have to throw up in the refrigerator?"



Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, It's time to make a buck.
Oh what fun it is to sing an ode to a dollar bill.
Dashing through the snow
In a bank-owned Chevrolet,
In my store they go,
Spending all their pay.
Bells on cash registers ring,
Making my spirits bright.
I've got damn good reason to sing
About my profits tonight,

A black and white photograph of a volcanic eruption. A large, billowing plume of smoke and ash rises from a mountain peak, dominating the upper half of the frame. The plume has a textured, almost cauliflower-like appearance with various shades of gray and white. Below the main eruption, there's a smaller, more defined conical shape, possibly a secondary vent or a smaller volcano, also emitting a smaller plume. The foreground is dark and indistinct, suggesting a rocky or ashy landscape. The overall image has a grainy, historical quality.

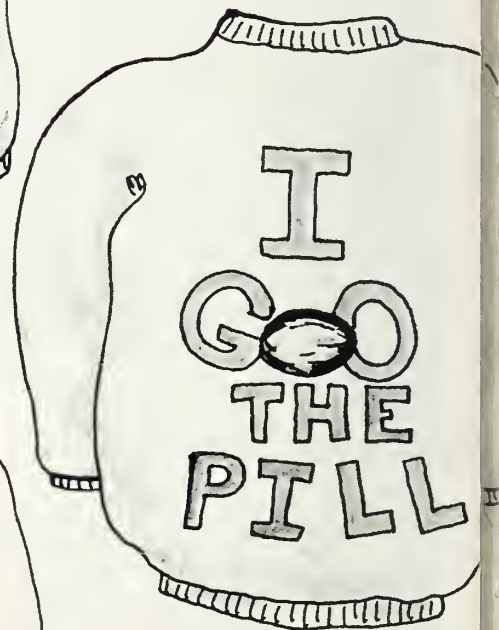
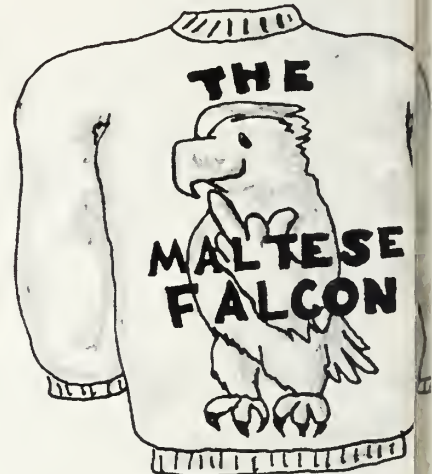
GO TO AUGIES

WE COULDN'T THINK OF
A TITLE FOR THIS PAGE
'CUZ MAKE-UP LASTED
UNTIL 1:00 A.M.



YAHOO

SWEATSHIRTS



SEND NOW!

I enclose \$20.00 for a Yahoo
Sweatshirt:

Name

Address

THE PERFECT XMAS GIFT



T'was the night before Christmas
 And all through the house,
 Not a Frater was stirring—
 They'd all gotten soused.
 Nylons were hung from the
 Bedposts with care,
 In hopes of seducing the
 Young and the fair.
 The couples were nestled
 All snug in their beds
 While visions of daiquiries
 Danced in their heads.
 My date in her kerchief and
 I in my cap
 Had just settled down for an
 Illegal night's nap.
 When out on the lawn there
 Arose such a clatter
 I thought a brother from a window
 Had crashed with a splatter.
 Away to the window I flew
 Like a bolt
 But tripped on the way on
 A king case of Colt.
 There were moons from my buddies
 All faced in the snow
 Until the campus police had
 Forced them to go.
 When what to my bloodshot eyes
 Should appear
 But a miniature sleigh with
 Eight spastic reindeer.

Their driver was tanked, completely
 Wiped out
 It wasn't the Santa I once
 Thought about.
 To top it all off, he had
 Nosey reindeer,
 They peeked in my window and
 Watched me, I fear.
 But reindeer have antlers and
 That must be why,
 They all were so horny; they
 Wanted to spy.
 "Now Dasher, Now Smasher!
 Now Nixon and Vixen!
 On Comet! On Ajax!
 On Donder and Blitzkrieg!"
 I thought if the fat man didn't shape
 Up and flee,
 He would certainly bring on
 The I.F.C.
 Then all of a sudden with a
 Tumble of brick,
 The chimney gave way to a
 Half-lit St. Nick.
 It was hard to believe that it
 Wasn't a gag,
 That Santa, not presents, was
 There in the bag.
 He stood up and saw that he'd
 Broken his flask.
 Getting a drink now would sure
 be a task.
 His eyes looked like roadmaps!
 His beard was all bent!

And his fat bod issued a real
 Alky scent.
 I said "Look here, Santa, I've got
 things to do".
 Said Santa "So I see, For
 Shame on you.
 How can I leave presents? You're
 Both being bad."
 Then he passed on the floor and
 I really got mad.
 What do you do with stiff
 Old St. Nick
 Messing in on your action, and
 Spoiling your trick.
 He stood up and staggered, then
 Lunged for my date,
 Then said "Sorry, Sonny, you'll
 Just have to wait."
 Then locating the chimney and
 Tweaking his nose,
 Up he ascended, although he
 Was hosed.
 All was fine as he fell into
 His sleigh.
 Held the reins with toes as
 He sped away.
 But I heard him sputter as I turned
 Out the light,
 "Happy Christmas to all and to All . .
 uh . . . Well . . . now how does
 that go . . ."

John Garrison of Garrison-Ramon Salons, New York and Chicago,
uses color to personalize hair design



This world-famous hairdresser tells why...

why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"Naturally, when you've found the hair color you're happiest with, you don't want it changed by shampooing," says John Garrison. "Using the right shampoo—*colorfast* shampoo—is especially important for the soft, muted colors most women prefer today. And *Clairol* is the colorfast shampoo—it won't change hair color." Very different from other leading shampoos, this

colorfast shampoo by Clairol was specifically created for women who color or lighten their hair. Two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all light delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair. Clairol Green for all red, brown and black shades of tints and lasting rinses. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.



BLUE—for blondes and lightest tones GREEN—for tint and lasting-rinse users

CLAIROL® SHAMPOO the colorfast shampoo

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